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for the financial economy of the paper.)

W. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 7.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

CONSEQUENCES OF RUNNING AWAY!  
The New-York Express, edited by James Brooks,  
of the University of Maine, is one of the dirtiest, meanest  
and most venomous tools of the southern slaveocracy.

As a specimen of its villainous spirit, the following  
is a portion of the last letter published in the Lib-  
erator from the eloquent and gifted Douglass—

“The man Douglass had not run away from the  
people there would tell him he would

have met with this cry, ‘We don’t allow niggers  
to run away.’ It is only in the free states, that this  
anti-nigger prejudice exists, and as much

as the political abolitionists, as are any people

in the world. If Douglass had staid at home,

his northern door would have been slammed in his

face, and he would have had the same privileges

as any white servant has in the United States or

England. If the Lord Mayor of Dublin chooses

to sit at his table the negro servants of America,

as is the servant of our own miserable poverty,

ragged, scaring country, all we have to

do is to get him out of it, and to give him

as much as we can, and to let him go to see it.

Thus do they honor one of the most infamous men

that ever lived. But he was a King! The religion of

Europe has one standard of morals for kings and no-

bles, and another for the people.

Flanders—now Netherlands—from the 15th to the

16th centuries, was the seat of cloth manufacturers for

Europe, especially in wool. Its weavers were noted

in all lands. It is a low, little spot, but it has exer-

ted a powerful influence on mankind—for good as well

as for evil. It has been the theatre of most desolating

wars during six centuries, and of the fiercest battles

that stain the pages of this world’s history. I would like

to visit many of its towns of ancient name and

name, but will hasten on my way.

Ostend, Aug. 2. 9 o’clock, evening.—On board the

steamer Edward Banks, in the dock, bound for Lon-

don—a few hours passage. Have just come on board,

bag and baggage. Start at 3 in the morning. Main

cabin occupied. Am to have my berth in the fore or

second cabin. Great bustle. Many English of the

wealthy and of the titled going over. Seamen crowded.

Multitudes of live pigeons and live rabbits for the

London market. Have set my last foot-fall on the

continent of Europe. Have seen and heard much of

human beings as they are moulded by the institutions

of Germany. In them all there is a covering of soul

before titles and station—an almost universal impres-

sion that men are made for political and religious in-

stitutions—for holy days, holy places, holy magis-

trates, and not these institutions for men. I have exer-

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5 o’clock. P.M. Custom-house by London bridge—

waiting to have baggage inspected. As we came to

the wharf near the bridge, we were boarded by cus-

tom officers in regiments. All the baggage was in the

hold—but there lest any thing should be carried

aboard before it was inspected. All came ashore,

leaving the baggage to the officers. I took my green

bag, my coat and umbrella, and came up to walk on

shore; but the way was blocked up by men who

stood contending with the officers about some little

reticules. There was a great rout. Finally, the

way was cleared. I was stepping out, with an over-

coat on my arm, and a little green bag of soiled linen.

The officers seized hold of both, exclaiming, ‘You

cannot be allowed to carry any thing ashore.’ ‘Not

even my coat?’ I asked. ‘Nothing,’ said the head

man, but—what you have on.’ ‘Very well,’ I said.

John Bull’s next step will be, I suppose, to strip off

the clothes of all who come upon his coast, and send them ashore naked. But be sure and let me find

these bags and all that is in them, and this cost and

all in its pocket safe, at the proper time, or John

Bull won’t hear the last of it very soon.’ No fear of

John,’ said the official inquisitor; ‘he will return

what he receives.’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘if he don’t happen

to want it himself.’ Then, he cared not for God or

man, and will keep it if he can. So I gave him my

bag, and came into this large, dirty, upper room, with

all the rest, to wait the good pleasure of John

Bull. Here we are, waiting, waiting.

6 o’clock. Waiting, waiting still, in upper, dirty

room of custom-house. Impatience is stamped on

every countenance. Scarce a passenger has been

able to take any food to-day. Now they are ashore,

their appetites are very keen, and hunger gives keen-

ness to other sources of disappointment. One man

said to me, ‘I must ride 150 miles to-night, and

reach to-morrow at 10 o’clock.’ This is Saturday.

I think you will be very likely to take a nap in the

pulpit,’ I said. ‘Oh no,’ said he, ‘but the people will

probably sleep.’ ‘Very likely,’ I said, ‘and it is pos-

ible it would be better for both preacher and people

if they were both to sleep soundly.’ He laughed,

and shrugged his shoulders, and urged his way to the

door to get the first chance. Another has just

said, ‘I must go 75 miles, and reach to-morrow.’

Another, ‘I must start at 7 for Leeds.’ Another,

‘I must start at half past 6 for Taunton.’ Another,

‘I must go to Essex by the half past 6 train.’ Thus

are we situated. All hungry—many keenly anxious

lest they lose the chance of the last train to take

them far into the country to fill engagements.

But what is the state of our baggage? We have

been at the wharf more than an hour and a half, and

the first process of lifting the baggage out of the ship’s

hold is not done. This is all deliberately done by a

puff. Now they are at the second step—taking the

bags to the other end of the boat. Now the third

step is being performed—lowering it into a lighter.

Now the fourth process is going on—lifting the bags

by puff, into a room on the same door with

ourselves, and separated by an iron gate, a room and

a door. Now they are taking the fifth step—a ticket

with a number on it is pasted upon every article, and

that number is entered into a book. It is now 7

o’clock. We have been two hours, and not a thing

yet examined. The impatience of the passengers

knows no bounds. They curse the officials who

have no bounds. They curse the system and principle

of the custom-house.

They do nothing but what the custom-house

system requires of them. They are the poor tools of

your heaven-ordained government, as your ministers

will. But I have travelled all over Europe, and

never met with such an annoyance before, said one

impudent man.

The woman put both hands on his shoulders, and shook

him, and exclaimed—‘Be a man, and not a brute;

and she seized his neck cloth, untied and stripped him

off—and pulled off his hat, and said, ‘Now get bed,

and not expose yourself and me to all the company,

and to master and mistress.’ Suddenly the poor

wife’s feelings changed, and she changed her tone.

‘I am tired and worn out—I want some rest.’ He grunted.

‘Go to bed,’ said the wife. ‘I won’t stir from

the spot till I see you in bed.’ ‘I—I—I want—

to go up stairs—and have—some—fun,’ said he.

The woman put both hands on his shoulders, and shook

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From the Anti-Slavery Standard.  
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the old Pioneer Society was held in Boston, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of January, and, according to prescriptive custom, was an improvement on all former anniversaries. The Massachusetts Society is the "old guard" of the Anti-Slavery host, and the members are men and women who are thoroughly to be depended upon; who always come up to the work without parade, not finching; and do it in the most understanding and resolute manner. The last meeting afforded a new proof of the solidity of their Anti-Slavery character.

A singular unanimity prevailed in the meeting. Though the attendance was larger than usual of the members of the Society, there was no difference of opinion as to essential principles and measures. The battles of former years had been crowned with the establishment of peace in its borders. Those discussions had settled men's minds as to their anti-slavery duties to the State and Church, and the only spirit that prevailed seemed to be one of inquiry as to how to perform those duties in the most thorough manner. Nearly every ill spirit seemed to have been exorcised from its charmed circle, by the spirit and the words of truth, which have always been its strength and safety. Scarcely a perceptible spirit of hostility or disaffection was to be seen, and what was rather implied than expressed, was utterly powerless for evil.

But though there was this entire agreement of opinion on the part of members as to their principles and measures, there was no diminution in the spirit and animation of the discussions and public speeches. It was agreed on all hands that the order of obsequies, (which Ralph W. Emerson says is always *dog-kennel* in anti-slavery meetings,) was never of higher or a more varied character. Each speaker excelled himself in his own peculiar style of excellence.

The Society re-affirmed all its former testimonies as to the State and the Church. It showed no sense of disconsolate at the fulfilment of the prophecies it has annually uttered from year to year to the certain annexation of Texas. It looked to the new Government now established in the country, by that act, in the face, and declared it should not be confirmed without, at least, an attempt at resistance. It indicated the only course consistent with the rights and honor of Massachusetts, and called upon her Legislature to pursue it. It laid out a plan of a campaign of agitation in Massachusetts, and when asked to raise one thousand dollars, as the *nucleus* of an agency fund for this purpose, promptly raised two. There was never a time when the Massachusetts Society was in a more efficient condition than it has showed itself at this meeting. The particulars of the proceedings may be learned from the official report, which will, probably, appear in our next number.

The attendance of the public was not quite as large as it has been in years past. This was owing to the place of meeting being in a place where the Boston public are not accustomed to congregate, and a little aside from the great thoroughfares of the city. The Marlborough Chapel being converted into the Chinese Mission, the meeting was held in the Tremont Temple, a place which the public do not, for reasons best known to themselves, generally affect. The meeting which was held in Faneuil Hall, on Thursday evening, was of the first order. C. C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, W. L. Garrison and Wendell Phillips addressed it with their usual eloquence and power—Pillsbury going even beyond himself—or more properly, perhaps doing *full* justice to himself. And the responses to them from the crowded audience were frequent and earnest. I saw an undoubted sign of great progress in public opinion. No longer ago than the annual meeting preceding this, such radical and plainly uttered truth would not have been received without many hisses. To talk now of dissolution, excites but few—*many* seem to be almost persuaded that abolition or dissolution is the only alternative. Dissolution is, indeed, sometimes spoken of as my non-resistance can hardly afford; but then the idea is evidently onward. The Constitution is the great slaveholding power of the country, and the government is obstinately determined to sustain it, *therefore* the time must be near when all true abolitionists will have to abandon the government. They must come to see that they can no more consistently help a government hold slaves, than they can hold them themselves. Some politicians have backed out of the strong positions they took on this subject before annexation, and have concluded still to continue in the Union. But the slave power has secured such a triumph, and will now so trample upon the rights and interests of the North, that those politicians will soon have to take a strong stand again, and demand the extinction of slavery, or a new government based on Justice and the Declaration of Independence.

At this annual meeting, measures were taken to raise money to be entrusted with the Board of Managers for the purpose of carrying forward, with more system and efficiency, the anti-slavery movement. There have therefore been some in the Society, who have thought that, under the circumstances, it would be better to sell their slaves, and then use the money so gained to sustain that opinion, individual *as in cause good and essential*, and every one who has the spirit of freedom and humanity within him, *will* act individually. He will do all he can in this way. But without association and organization, all can not be done that is necessary to be done. Experience has proved that what is left for every one to do, without any system, will be very likely to be left undone. I have seen enough of no organization, no system, to satisfy me that it is death to almost any good cause. Every philanthropic reform needs wise heads and great hearts to give direction and point and efficiency to it—to plan and see it executed. And the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is fortunate enough to have men who can be implicitly confided in to occupy such a position. Money entrusted to its Board of Managers will, without any doubt, be economically and judiciously appropriated—and appropriated to much better advantage to the cause than it would be if left exclusively to individuals. And the contributions and pledges which it received at the meeting, were liberal, and such as to enable it to begin its work for the coming year, with much hope. A General Agent has been appointed—L. Moody, who seems to be well adapted to the situation, both as to talent and spirit, and who will undoubtedly be an efficient laborer in the cause. May this pioneer Society be well sustained, till the object it seeks, the entire abolition of slavery, shall be secured! It has done much, not only for the slave, but for the world, and is preparing the way for universal reform. It cannot be dispensed with.

W. H. F.

From the Practical Christian.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY

Has just been held in Boston, and was interesting and efficient. Those who attended it principally for the purpose of hearing the eloquent speakers who are known to be connected with the anti-slavery movement, might have been somewhat disappointed. I heard some express such disappointment. But that the meeting was not so interesting to them as they anticipated it would be, was not owing to the movement's having lost any of its vitality, or its being in a less prosperous condition than it has been. For it has even more vitality than it ever before had, and its prosperity is greater. An annual meeting is, and ought to be, a business meeting, to a very great extent, and only those who have a deep and practical interest in the subject which convenes it, will think it profitable for them to attend such a meeting—others will find more satisfaction at a Convention, where there is not so much business to attend.

There were, however, some very interesting discussions and addresses at this annual meeting, and the meeting at Faneuil Hall, on Thursday evening, was of the first order. C. C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, W. L. Garrison and Wendell Phillips addressed it with their usual eloquence and power—Pillsbury going even beyond himself—or more properly, perhaps doing *full* justice to himself. And the responses to them from the crowded audience were frequent and earnest. I saw an undoubted sign of great progress in public opinion. No longer ago than the annual meeting preceding this, such radical and plainly uttered truth would not have been received without many hisses. To talk now of dissolution, excites but few—*many* seem to be almost persuaded that abolition or dissolution is the only alternative. Dissolution is, indeed, sometimes spoken of as my non-resistance can hardly afford; but then the idea is evidently onward. The Constitution is the great slaveholding power of the country, and the government is obstinately determined to sustain it, *therefore* the time must be near when all true abolitionists will have to abandon the government. They must come to see that they can no more consistently help a government hold slaves, than they can hold them themselves. Some politicians have backed out of the strong positions they took on this subject before annexation, and have concluded still to continue in the Union. But the slave power has secured such a triumph, and will now so trample upon the rights and interests of the North, that those politicians will soon have to take a strong stand again, and demand the extinction of slavery, or a new government based on Justice and the Declaration of Independence.

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W. H. F.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

of that instant exposure and condemnation which the thoughts, curious by-stander, dropped in for amusement, is so apt to take for what the unmasking hypocrite tells him it is—quarrelling among our selves! Upwards of \$1,200 were raised to sustain lecturing agencies for the present moment, and an Anti-Slavery mission set on foot to Haiti. The great abuse of the common-school system was exposed. The speeches made on the resolution No. 3, would have aroused the Hon. Horace Mann from his pro-slavery apathy. I never knew the friends so eloquent. Never did their words carry so much conviction to the hearts of the people. The deadly opposition that has hitherto hemmed nearest round the cause, was exorcised, and there was no hindering influence in the meeting between the Abolitionists and the advocates of Slavery. The unblushing impudence—the base hypocrisy that comes into our meetings to break them up, unhelpfully availing itself of the ravings of the incurably insane to make confusion with and striving to the last hour to hinder with pro-slavery malignity the raising of funds, and the expression of the sentiments of the Society, has fled. Freedom has overcome it.

The community here is awake; no man feels any longer in half-measures. They have no cause, (it is now beginning to be seen) for rallying or resistance against the impending national destruction, who stand on any other ground than that occupied by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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W. H. F.

From the Lowell Journal.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—SPEECHES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, GARRISON, AND OTHERS.

BOSTON, Jan. 30, 1846.

FRIEND SCHOULER:

In your kind favor received this day, you ask me if I have attended the anti-slavery meetings; and if so, to write you an account of their proceedings. Owing to the pressure of public and private engagements, I have only been able to attend them in the evenings; so I am not able to give you much information of their doings, so far as their business matters are concerned. It was stated that they were able to raise the sum of \$1200, to carry on their business operations and lectures during the coming year. So far as I could judge, their meetings were well attended, though hardly so fully as I have known them to be, but they were more orderly than usual. Their resolutions bold, strong and pointed, as usual. Right or wrong, they are true to their convictions, and march up boldly to their positions—there is no faltering, no dodging, no concession. You may not agree with their principles or approve their measures, but you feel that they are in earnest, and you respect them for their bold and determined spirit. The most important act was the adoption of a memorial to the Legislature, asking, in substance, that the Legislature should declare the Union dissolved, and to state on what terms this State would agree to enter into a new Union. I could not but regret that such a movement was made, as I think it will tend to prejudice the people and the members of the Legislature against taking such a stand as the State should take in the present position of the country. The meetings were very orderly, and the speaking unbrokenly free from personal allusions, and entire harmony seemed to prevail. On the evening of Wednesday, the meeting was addressed by W. A. White, Edmund Quincy, C. C. Burleigh and Wendell Phillips. I need not say that the speaking was first-rate. The great meeting, however, was in the old cradle of Liberty, on Thursday evening. The Hall was well filled. The galleries were reserved for the ladies, and they were filled with the noble-hearted and devoted women who would always find at these meetings. Burleigh made one of his best efforts on the occasion. He is a powerful speaker, but the effect is lessened by his absurd fashion of wearing his hair and beard so long. Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, made one of the most effective speeches I ever heard. It was full of wit and humor. He would make a first-rate stump speaker. The way he showed up the New-Hampshire Democracy was a caution; and he did not spare the Whigs of the old Bay State. After he had closed, Garrison took the stand and poured upon slavery and slaveholders, a torrent of burning and withering

invective, that told with great effect. Among the subjects touched upon was the Oregon question. He said, "he was a no-government man, a non-resistant come-outer—he abhorred blood, but he had rather have a war with England for Oregon, prompted by the wild impulses of freedom, than peace dictated by the policy of slavery;" and the old cradle rocked with the response of the people. That is doubtless the sentiment of thousands, and for one, I say amen to it. After Garrison had closed, the people called for Phillips, and although it was late, he came forward, and enlivened the audience for near one hour, with one of his brilliant, classical and finished efforts—I may finish efforts, though it was evidently untried, yet it was a most charming and polished performance. He is an extraordinary man. I have heard nearly all the great statesmen and orators of our country—Webster, Calhoun, Adams, Preston, Everett, Choate, Clayton, and a host of others, whose names are as familiar as household words, but have never heard the man who uniformly speaks so well. There is a clearness, force and beauty, in all he utters, on all occasions. He is a scholar, and his knowledge of history is unsurpassed by any man of his age in Massachusetts, and like Macaulay, he brings it out in all his efforts.

Yours, in haste. H. W.

[Editor's Note: The initials appended to the above letter, we infer that the writer of it is the Hon. HENRY WILSON, a member of the Legislature, whose manly and unfaltering course on the subject of slavery, both in the Senate and House, (though frowned upon by the time-serving leaders of his party, the Whigs,) deserves the commendation of every friend of liberty, irrespective of party names. He will yet see—such is our confidence in his discernment and integrity—that the Disunion position of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is the only rational, consistent and victorious position that can be adopted against the Slave Power.]

ANOTHER SKETCH.

A Boston correspondent of the *Gospel Banner*, a paper printed at Augusta, Me., in giving a sketch of the doings at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, says—

The meeting in the old "Cradle of Liberty" last night, was attended by an immense throng, and was one of the best of the kind ever held in Boston. Messrs. Burleigh, Pillsbury, Garrison, and Phillips were the speakers. The two last named gentlemen spoke with great power and effect, and their remarks were responded to with repeated demonstrations of sympathy from the audience. Mr. Garrison made some statements, which, if true, are worthy of the attention of the whole people of the North, and should arouse the sleeping energies of the entire population of the free States to the most energetic action. He stated that a secret correspondence was now going on between Mr. Calhoun as the leader of the slaveholding South, and some of the most influential men of California, the object of which was to bring that Republic into the Union, and declared that before the present Congress closed its session, that country would become linked with the United States for the perpetuation of slavery—that emissaries had been sent to Mexico for the purpose of creating divisions, and producing a revolution that will eventually result in the annexation of Mexico also—that efforts are now being made to purchase Cuba, and that persons have been sent to St. Domingo to arm one party against another. They were to recruit their Republiques in dominion and the hands of the trumpet. As to war with England over Oregon, Mr. Garrison said the idea was preposterous! The South, said he, will make any compromise, any sacrifice, rather than go to war for the purpose of adding another *free* State to the Union. The South, said he, would sooner lose a hundred  *Oregon*s than fight *fight* for freedom. Every one knew him to be an *honest* man, and that he looked upon war as the most horrible of all things; and yet, said he, I declare before God, in this old cradle of liberty, consecrated to the memory of those who met here before the Revolution, as we are here to-night, in behalf of freedom, I say I declare before God in this place, as for me, I would infinitely prefer a war with England, characterised by a wild enthusiasm for human liberty, than that the people of the North should be made to bow down and do homage to that power, that has already landed three millions of human beings with chains, and is reaching out its giant arms to grasp the world. Mr. Phillips followed Mr. G. and spoke with great vehemence and power for about one hour, when the man of the *branded hand* was introduced upon the stage, as an illustration of the *humanity* of the South, and was received with great applause, made his *honest* bow, and then the meeting dissolved.

W. H. F.

From the Lowell Journal.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—SPEECHES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, GARRISON, AND OTHERS.

BOSTON, Jan. 30, 1846.

FRIEND SCHOULER:

In your kind favor received this day, you ask me if I have attended the anti-slavery meetings; and if so, to write you an account of their proceedings. Owing to the pressure of public and private engagements, I have only been able to attend them in the evenings; so I am not able to give you much information of their doings, so far as their business matters are concerned. It was stated that they were able to raise the sum of \$1200, to carry on their business operations and lectures during the coming year. So far as I could judge, their meetings were well attended, though hardly so fully as I have known them to be, but they were more orderly than usual. Their resolutions bold, strong and pointed, as usual. Right or wrong, they are true to their convictions, and march up boldly to their positions—there is no faltering, no dodging, no concession. You may not agree with their principles or approve their measures, but you feel that they are in earnest, and you respect them for their bold and determined spirit. The most important act was the adoption of a memorial to the Legislature, asking, in substance, that the Legislature should declare the Union dissolved, and to state on what terms this State would agree to enter into a new Union. I could not but regret that such a movement was made, as I think it will tend to prejudice the people and the members of the Legislature against taking such a stand as the State should take in the present position of the country. The meetings were very orderly, and the speaking unbrokenly free from personal allusions, and entire harmony seemed to prevail. On the evening of Wednesday, the meeting was addressed by W. A. White, Edmund Quincy, C. C. Burleigh and Wendell Phillips. I need not say that the speaking was first-rate. The great meeting, however, was in the old cradle of Liberty, on Thursday evening. The Hall was well filled. The galleries were reserved for the ladies, and they were filled with the noble-hearted and devoted women who would always find at these meetings. Burleigh made one of his best efforts on the occasion. He is a powerful speaker, but the effect is lessened by his absurd fashion of wearing his hair and beard so long. Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, made one of the most effective speeches I ever heard. It was full of wit and humor. He would make a first-rate stump speaker. The way he showed up the New-Hampshire Democracy was a caution; and he did not spare the Whigs of the old Bay State. After he had closed, Garrison took the stand and poured upon slavery and slaveholders, a torrent of burning and withering

invective. These sentiments, I beg the reader to remember, came from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and are uttered with the calm determination of a settled purpose never to give over while the momentous issues between virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, freedom and slavery, are calling so urgently for the best exertions of all earth's true-hearted souls.

J. E. SNOOKERSS.

In a circular issued by him, Dr. Snodgrass concludes in the following emphatic manner:

DISUNION MEMORIAL.

The Memorial to the Legislature of Massachusetts, which was unanimously adopted at the late annual meeting of the State Anti-Slavery Society, asking the Legislature to declare the original American Union at an end, for the weighty reasons therein assigned, has been sent to a select number of the best anti-slavery spirits in the Commonwealth, who are requested to get as many signatures to it without delay, and to send it either to Cornhill, or to some member of the Legislature. The "minute men" of the new revolution will move with the celerity that the crisis demands. And the women too!

REFORM LIBERTY.  
The energy and liberality displayed in the prosecution of the Anti-Corn Law movement, in England, and without a parallel in the history of Reform; and yet it is only a very few years since that movement, which now overpreads throne, parliament and the people, was "no bigger than a man's hand." The League has resolved to raise, during the ensuing year, the enormous sum of £250,000, to carry on its work of agitation; and no doubt its resolution will be carried into effect. Recently, at a meeting of the League in Manchester, the munificent sum of £50,000,—or about \$300,000,—was raised before the meeting closed. Several firms contributed, each, £1000—others, £500—one family (the Buckley) £1500. Another family—that of the Masters, of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool—subscribed between them £700, conditionally, on the League going for "actual repeal, WITHOUT COMPROMISE." That's the true stuff. Never yield one inch in a contest for the right. Half a loaf may be better than no bread; but claimed—or, peradventure, not a crumb will be granted by the monopolists. They who ask for any thing less than justice, do thereby connive at their own oppression, and indicate to the tyrant that they may safely be cajoled or denied.

The Anti-Corn Law movement is clearly one of vast importance to the peace and prosperity of the people of England—also, widely and beneficially affecting the people of other lands. But, measuring its dimensions with all care and liberality—looking at it in its true grandeur—estimating with all forecast and pre-estimate its effect upon human freedom and happiness—it divinates into insignificance, in comparison with the Anti-Slavery movement, in the United States. This movement is not merely to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, (and who in this world are lacking food and raiment, if the scourged and unburthened slaves of the South are not?) but to restore millions, now rankled with household furniture and farming implements, to a place among the natural creatures of God. It is not simply to make bread cheap, but personal freedom sacred. It is to put an end to the traffic in slaves and the souls of men—to save the mother and child from the auction block, and the husband and father from the chains of a bloody and irresponsible despotism—to extirpate, by one decisive blow, the greatest of all crimes, the sum of all villainies. Men of wealth! why do you not invest some of your capital in an enterprise like this? Have you no regard for your country? no interest in the welfare of the toiling millions—nothing at stake, in case of servile revolt and national calamity? In your hands are the means by which light can be scattered, and instrumentalities employed for the speedy accomplishment of this great enterprise. Why leave it to be sustained almost exclusively by those who have little that they can call their own, except noble hearts and warm sympathies? Why are you blind to the fact, that the existence of slavery in the land is more pernicious to you—your enterprise, your business, your property, your position in society—than it is to any other class of citizens? In point of pecuniary ability, Boston ought to raise as much at a single meeting in Faneuil Hall in behalf of an Anti-Slavery League, as Manchester does to give success to the Anti-Corn Law League. She would do so, if, like ancient Jerusalem, the things before her peace were not hidden from her eyes. Like Jerusalem, is her doom inevitable?

## IMPFUDENCE.

Some men have an extraordinary stock of impudence. For example—the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette says—"The African can only be restored to his proper position in society in Africa, his native land. There should go." By the term "African," he means the native-born colored American, whose right to remain here, and to enjoy equal rights and privileges, is as indisputable as his own. To deny his birthright—to call for his extirpation—is to exhibit excessive meanness and barbarous inhumanity. Undoubtedly, both the land and the world would be relieved by the exit of the editor of the Gazette; but, far as he is from occupying "his proper position in society," we shall defend his right to remain here, and who chooses to be colonized in Africa, or some other part of the globe. We do not know how it is possible for a man, claiming to be an American, to say a worse thing of this country, than to declare that the sixth portion of its native population must be transported to the benighted coast of Africa, before they can rise in the scale of intellectual and moral improvement. We denounce the editor of the Gazette as tyrannical in spirit and a ruffian in policy.

## PEACE CONVENTIONS.

Highly interesting and impressive Peace Conventions are reported to have been held, recently, in Providence and New-Bedford; and it will be seen by a notice in another column, that a third Convention is to be held in Worcester, on the 17th of Feb. Hitherto, the Peace movement has been managed with such a cautious, conservative, timid (not to say time-serving) spirit, as to exhibit very little vitality, and to create no excitement in the popular mind; but we are glad to perceive that this bad policy is yielding to a bolder and better mode of procedure—to a more fearless exposition of the truth, and a more uncompromising application of the principles of the Gospel. The spirit of War, like the demon of old, must rend the body before it can be cast out; and it will be in proportion to its terrible strength. To assail it cautiously, softly, in honeyed words, circumspectly, and in a manner not to give offence, is most absurd and unphilosophical. Leviathan is not drawn out with a cord, nor snared as a bird—Assail him with vigor, and he will 'cause the deep to boil like a pot.' It is not enough to extirpate the evils, the horrors of War: all these are surely admitted by military men, who know not the way of peace, and have not any desire to walk in it. Warlike instigates to War—whatever sanctions it may be—whatever discards as visionary and dangerous the practical application of the precepts of Jesus, respecting the treatment of enemies, (nationally as well as individually)—must be unmasked, rebuked, and either reformed or destroyed. Your true peace man is the most aggressive of all men. He strikes heavy blows, and gives no quarter to the enemy. He does not resort to trick, cunning or artifice; but, having put on the 'whole armor of God,' he seeks an open field, and makes full proclamation of all his purposes. He does not deal in generalities, to avoid giving offence, or being fairly understood; but, he tells precisely what he means, what he does, what he intends to accomplish, if he can. Hence, he never fails to be a disturber of the peace, though he desires nothing so much as peace; and he is continually a troubler of Israel, though he aims at the reconciliation of all men!

Yours, truly,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

**WASH AND BE HEALED.** The Green Mountain Spring is the name of a new monthly periodical, which has just been started in Brattleboro, Vt., edited and published by David Mack, formerly of the Northampton Association. It is to be devoted to discussion and information concerning the popular and medical uses of Water; to a report of cases of Water-Cure Treatment; to the nurture and education of children; to Diet and Health. It will also contain medical and philosophical communications by Robert Wesselhoeft, M. D. who is at the head of the Hydrostatic establishment at Brattleboro. Terms, \$1.00 a year. If a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained, and we trust it will be in proportion to its terrible strength. To assail it cautiously, softly, in honeyed words, circumspectly, and in a manner not to give offence, is most absurd and unphilosophical. Leviathan is not drawn out with a cord, nor snared as a bird—Assail him with vigor, and he will 'cause the deep to boil like a pot.' It is not enough to extirpate the evils, the horrors of War: all these are surely admitted by military men, who know not the way of peace, and have not any desire to walk in it. Warlike instigates to War—whatever sanctions it may be—whatever discards as visionary and dangerous the practical application of the precepts of Jesus, respecting the treatment of enemies, (nationally as well as individually)—must be unmasked, rebuked, and either reformed or destroyed. Your true peace man is the most aggressive of all men. He strikes heavy blows, and gives no quarter to the enemy. He does not resort to trick, cunning or artifice; but, having put on the 'whole armor of God,' he seeks an open field, and makes full proclamation of all his purposes. He does not deal in generalities, to avoid giving offence, or being fairly understood; but, he tells precisely what he means, what he does, what he intends to accomplish, if he can. Hence, he never fails to be a disturber of the peace, though he desires nothing so much as peace; and he is continually a troubler of Israel, though he aims at the reconciliation of all men!

Lowell, Feb. 9, 1846. JOHN LEVY.

N. B. The girl has a scar on the left side of her neck near the ear, and one of her fingers is crooked.

[T] We have heard of this girl in other quarters, and think that there can be no doubt that she is impelled by the benevolence of abolitionists. —

15 E. W. Parkman, Boston, should be credited \$1.50, in the receipts at the late meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

[T] If Mr. Mitchell is not prepared to bring forward facts and figures to sustain his assertions, he ought not to make them thus confidently, and must not be offended at our positive denial of them.

AMERICAN SLAVES AND BRITISH PAUPERES. NANTUCKET, I. M. 23, 1846.

ESTEMMED FRIEND.—My purpose, in again asking space in your paper, is not to review the whole ground, covering 16 notes, which you occupy in reply to my communication of the 19th ultimo, but to offer a few remarks in defence of persons in the spirit of truth and righteoussness.

This is my opinion, though my friend very kindly thinks I have not reflected much on the subject.

In your first note, there is a doubt expressed as to my right to date in the style of the "Friends." I am not a member of the Friends' Society, was dis-

owned' therefrom for irregular attendance at meetings, and for being present at (though very rarely) and participating in the innocent exercise of dancing in all their principles, which seem to me important, I agree with them. I do not consider that they have the exclusive right to the reasons which they urge against the use of the usual names of the months and days.

For the same reasons, I denounce their practice the most appropriate, but do not adhere to it from principle, and use the common means generally to be better understood. In their fundamental principles, I believe the "Friends" are right. I sympathize with them also on the subject of war, temperance, slavery, and a paid clergy.

You correspondent, Mr. Mitchell, has asserted that abolitionists, in their sympathy for the negro, overlook the claims and sufferings of their own white Saxon race. He has indeed asserted it, but he has not proved it; neither can he. I defy him to do so. What is abolition? Does he think it is bounded by chattel slavery? If he does, it is easily mistaken. No, sir—abolition, true abolition, runs the circle of the RIGHTS OF MAN. Overleaping all geographical boundaries, it plants its footstep on the great, universal platform of our common humanity; and its watchword is—One Country, One Language, One Brotherhood. Man was made not for institutions, but for institutions of man. Down with all institutions, be they Church or State, whose existence depends on the temporal or spiritual debasement of a single human being. This, Mr. Mitchell, is the creed I learned in the abolition school.

Mr. M., looking in the face of such, tell me of the abolitionists, as a body, are indifferent to the oppression of the white? Let him go with me to our Peace societies, and there he will find true-hearted abolitionists. He will find them on the Temperance platform to-day, and to-morrow doing battle with the recent champions of the Gallows. But why enumerate? For the ear of the true abolitionist is ever open to the cry of the oppressed. It must of necessity be so; for his sympathies are always for men—never for institutions. But then, he does not allow these reforms, important though they are, to divert him from his first love. With him, chattel slavery is the great master crime of the age—the wrong of all wrongs—the concentrated essence of all villainy. Its bare existence in a nation gives the lie to that nation's Christianity; for it is proof positive that, as a nation, they are emphatically infidels to the teachings of Him, whose advent was ushered into this world with the song of "Peace on earth, good will to man." Join, then, Mr. M., issue with Calhoun, Hammond, and the rest of the southern man-thieves, and try to convince the world of the goodness and excellence of the peculiar institution; seeing it is really wonderful that the poor unpaid free labor does not humbly petition them to extend its blessings over him also! Join with our reverend pro-slavery divines, and baptize this spawn of hell in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! Give it a Christian name—throw around it the sanction of the Bible—and tell us that man is, like the patriarch, blessed with God-given slaves and concubines! They may do this, but the world shall not believe it. The iron pen of the historian shall give it an eternity of execration, and the damning page of cruelty and blood shall draw tears from the eyes of the good and true through all coming time.

I am not indifferent to the sufferings of the poor of England, or Ireland. I know the oppression of the former, for I resided there several years; but I also witnessed something of chattel slavery. I have seen at the auction mart, women sold singly, and children in lots to suit customers; and on the same day I speak of republican American chattel slavery. They are so ground down as to be totally unable to make use of a nominal liberty. On this point, therefore, they suffer in common with the slaves at the South, while the latter, according to the testimony of impartial witnesses, are provided with shelter, food and clothing, while their masters are compelled to take care of them, in case of disaster or old age. Not so with the miserable poor of England's dominions. They are so ground down as to be totally unable to make use of a nominal liberty. 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## POETRY.

## THE FREEDOM AND DIVINITY OF MAN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

They tell us that our land was made for song,  
With its huge rivers and sky-piercing peaks,  
Its sea-like lakes and mighty cataracts,  
Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies wide,  
And mounds that tell of wondrous tribes extinct;  
But Poesy springs not from rocks and woods;  
Her womb and cradle are the human heart,  
And she can find a nobler theme for song  
In the most loathsome man that blasts the sight,  
Then in the broad expanse of sea and shore  
Between the frozen deserts of the poles.  
All nations have their message from on high,  
Each the messiah of some central thought,  
For the fulfilment and delight of man:  
One has to teach that Labor is divine;  
Another, Freedom; and another, Mind;  
And all, that God is open-eyed and just,  
The happy centre and calm heart of all.

Are, then, our woods, our mountains, and our  
streams,

Needful to teach our poets how to sing?  
O, maiden rare, far other thoughts were ours,  
When we have sat by ocean's foaming marge,  
And watched the waves leap roaring on the rocks,  
Than young Leander and his hero had,  
Gazing from Sestos to the other shore.

The moon looks down, and ocean worships her,  
Stars rise and set, and seasons come and go,  
Even as they did in Homer's elder time—  
But we behold them not with Grecian eyes:  
Then they were types of beauty and of strength,  
But now of freedom, unconfin'd and pure,  
Subject alone to Order's higher law.

What cares the Russian serf or Southern slave,  
Though we should speak as man spake never yet  
Of gleaming Hudson's broad magnificence,  
Or green Niagara's never-ending roar?

Our country hath a gospel of her own  
To preach and practice before all the world,—  
The freedom and divinity of man,  
The glorious claims of human brotherhood,—  
Which to pay nobly, as a freeman should,  
Gains the sole wealth that will not fly away,—

And the soul's fealty to none but God.

These are realities, which make the shows  
Of outward Nature, be they ne'er so grand,

Seem small, and worthless, and contemptible:

These are the mountain-summits for our bards,  
Which stretch far upward into heaven itself,

And give such wide-spread and exulting view

Of hope, and faith, and onward destiny,

That shrunk Parnassus to a molehill dwindle.

Our new Atlantis, like a morning star,

Silvers the morn face of slow-yielding Night,

The herald of a fuller truth yet

Hath gleamed upon the upraised face of Man,

Since the earth glittered in her stainless prime,—

Of a more glorious sunrise than of old

Drew wondrous melodies from Memon huge,

Yea, draw them still, though now he sits waist-deep

In the engulphing flood of whirling sand,

And looks across the wastes of endless gray,

Sole wreck, where once his hundred-gated Thebes

Pained with her mighty hum the calm blue heaven

Shall the dull stone pay grateful orisons?

And we till noonday bar the splendor out;

Lest it reproach and chide our sluggish hearts,

Warm-neasted in the down of Prejudice,

And be content, though clad with angel wings,

Close-clipped, to hop about from perch to perch,

In pugil cases dead men's dead thoughts?

Or, rather, like the sky-lark, soar and sing,

And let our gushing songs beat the daw

And sunrise, and the yet unshaken dew

Brimming the chalice of each full-blown hope,

Whose blithe front turns to greet the glowing day?

Never had poets such high call before,

Never can poets hope for higher one.

And, if they be but faithful to their trust,

EARTH will remember them with love and joy;

And, O, far better, God will not forget.

For he who settles Freedom's principles,

Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;

Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,

And his mere words makes desots tremble more

Than ever Brutus with his dagger could.

Wait for no hints from waterfalls or woods,

Nor dream that tales of red men, brute and fierce,

Repay the finding of this Western World,

Or needed half the globe to give them birth.

Spirit supreme of Freedom! not for this

Did great Columbus tame his eagle soul

To jostle with the daws that perch in courts;

Not for this, friendless, on an unknown sea,

Coping with mad waves and more turbulent spirits,

Battled he with the dreadful scat at heart

Which tempts, with devilish subtleties of doubt,

The hermit of that lonely desert,

The silent desert of a great New Thought.

Though loud Niagara were to-day struck dumb,

Yet would this catact of boiling life

Rush plumping on and on to endless deeps,

And utter thunder till the world shall cease,—

A thunder worthy of the poet's song,

And which alone can fit it with true life.

The high evangal to our country granted

Could make apostles, yes, with tongues of fire,

Of hearts half darkened back again to clay?

W the soul only that is national,

And he who pays true loyalty to that

Alone can claim the wreath of patriotism.

## POETRY.

## REFORMATORY.

LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.  
Score, Dec. 25, 1845.

DEAR GARRISON:

This is first day, or Sunday. Score is two miles north of Perth. I am now at the Castle, so famed in Scottish history as the place where her kings and queens were crowned. It is a beautiful spot, on the left bank of the Tay. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the place. In the forenoon, I attended a meeting in Perth, and heard a *tripping* D. D. preach; a man in theory and practice hostile to the glorious abstinenre reform. Twenty of his church members sell whiskey. Every now and then he accompanies one of his members to a *drunken* grave, praying over the corpse, and improving *occasion* to the spiritual good of his hearers! and to oppose total abstinence, and to treat with insolence and priestly scorn those of his members who are trying to get him to stop drinking.

His meeting was on this wise: first, he read a psalm, and the whole congregation sang. While singing, the D. D. took out a large silver snuff-box—opened it. Just as singing was nearly done, he took a large pinch of snuff between the fore finger and thumb of his right hand; then raised his left hand to his nose, took it by the end, stopped one nostril, and gave three hard pulls at the snuff into the other nostril. I was in the gallery, and saw it. This was to prepare his spirit to say a *prayer*. Then he arose and prayed; and during prayer, or speech, he took out his handkerchief four times, to wipe away the *drippings* of his nose, caused by the snuff. During the service, he prayed three times, and before and during each prayer, he went through exactly the same process. His sermon was saturated with *snuff*. It is a common practice among the Scotch ministers to take *snuff*, and drink *wine* and *whiskey* *today*. The cause of practical righteousness and reform is as effectually excluded from the religion of the pulpit and the church, on Sunday, in Scotland, as it is in America. The heaven which this religion promises, has sought to do with personal character. By some theological twit, it promises heaven to the *tipplers*, whiskey-drinkers, and men guilty of every crime to man.

At 2 P. M., I walked out to this place—here to commune with myself and my fellow-creatures, amid this interesting spot, on Christianity—its power and wisdom to release human beings from sinning. Christianity says, (as we have concluded,) that the *pure in heart* and *life* are blessed. The religion of the priesthood and churches says—Blessed are those who keep the *sabbath day* *holly*, (no matter how unholily they are)—who go to *meeting*—who perform *water baptism*—who pay the priesthood—who observe times and places—who see and hear God in sabbaths and ordinances, in consecrated pulpits and churches, in singing and praying, in gatherings of people and ringing of bells, and pealings of organs. It has little to do with the relations and duties between man and man. It is pleasant to be in this beautiful spot. It is a bright, clear day, such as is seldom seen here at this season. But there is nothing to do. Now, for all these, ought a Christian church to toil. It should be a church of good works—if it is a church of good faith, it will be so. Does not Christianity say, *THE STRONG SHOULD HELP THE WEAK*? Does not that mean something? It once did. Has the Christian fire faded out from those words, once so marvellously bright? Look round you—in the streets of your own Boston! See the ignorant—men and women with scarce more than the *stature* of men and women; boys and girls growing up in ignorance and the low civilization which comes with the barbarians of Boston. Their character will one day be a blot and a curse to the nation—and who is to blame? Why, the ablest and best men, who might have had it otherwise, if they would. Look at the poor—men often of small ability, weak by nature, born into a weak position—therefore doubly weak; men whom the strong use for their purpose, and then cast them off as we throw away the rind of an orange after we have drunk its generous juice. Behold the wicked—so weak as to be unable to stand on their own feet, so as to be easily overcome. Look round you—in the streets of your own Boston! See the ignorant—men and women with scarce more than the *stature* of men and women; boys and girls growing up in ignorance and the low civilization which comes with the barbarians of Boston. Their character will one day be a blot and a curse to the nation—and who is to blame? Why, the ablest and best men, who might have had it otherwise, if they would. Look at the poor—men often of small ability, weak by nature, born into a weak position—therefore doubly weak; men whom the strong use for their purpose, and then cast them off as we throw away the rind of an orange after we have drunk its generous juice. Behold the wicked—so weak as to be unable to stand on their own feet, so as to be easily overcome. Look round you—in the streets of your own Boston! 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